The Critic

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The Average English Novel.

Authors, in England, seem to be held in the same esteem as sacred cats in Egypt. No matter how they may increase and multiply and cumber the earth, not a hair of their heads is harmed. Some of the prosiest of them write a novel a year, and yet nothing is done to them. Many a struggling American author has doubtless looked with envy at the authors of the serial and short stories that meander aimlessly through the pages of the English magazines, and wished that he might be allowed to do likewise. You ask yourself, What reason—what excuse—have these meaningless narratives?

Some cynic, disgusted with the world, has said, 'We dance like fairies in a ring, and our whole life is one nauseous tautology.' This sentence might serve as the motto of the average English novel. In it, subject and treatment are alike flat and insipid. At times, the very apotheosis of twaddle seems reached. A lively girl goes forth for a stroll in a country lane, or in a wild, romantic moorland. She trips over a stone—it is usually a stone, but sometimes it is the root of a tree—and sprains her ankle. Immediately a handsome young man appears upon the scene, and carries her to her home; the inevitable result, after a little tennis-playing and many cups of tea, being matrimony. The climax does not take us by surprise. It has been a foregone conclusion ever since she tripped over the stone. In one of these stories, the heroine—Violet, a typical English heroine, all tears, smiles and blushes—goes to Italy, and finds an Italian lover. Shortly after their engagement, he is murdered. One would fancy that such a tragedy would make an indelible impression even upon a careless mind. But, no! In a year or two, Violet marries the usual quiet and steady-going cousin who has been hovering quietly in the background; and the author states that as she 'laid her hand on the head of her fair-haired child'—if only they would sometimes make it a black-haired, or even a red-haired, child!—'the past was to her as a dream.'

The personages of these books change characters half a dozen times in the course of the narrative, and are drawn with such wavering, uncertain touches, that it seems as if the hand of a paralytic must have held the pencil. Not only are they dull and tiresome, but they are usually written in the most slovenly manner; and this haphazard style is noticeable even among writers who know how to do good work. Mrs. Oliphant is positively audacious in her carelessness. She thinks nothing of presenting to our view a charming blue-eyed heroine, and then, after the events of a few chapters, giving her a pair of black eyes. In 'A country Gentleman,' Chatty Warrender, after being described as a neutral-tinted young woman, with a dull complexion, is suddenly transformed into a marvel of freshness and bloom. Nothing need be said of 'A House Divided against Itself,' considered as a sequel to 'A Country Gentleman': its eccentricities speak too eloquently for themselves.

Then, there is that fabulous monster, the American of English fiction. He is usually tall and lanky—a mixture of the caricatures of 'Uncle Sam' and the stage Yankee. The author will speak calmly of 'the strong foreign accent' of this American—and indeed he speaks a jargon seldom heard anywhere, it is to be hoped, and never, certainly, among educated people. Occasionally he is made to utter such phrases as, 'I'm *main* glad to hear that'—an expression never heard in America, unless from the lips of some English peasant-immigrant. The feminine American fares better. The invariable type is a very pretty but exceedingly slender young woman. (Do all the stout Americans stay at home?) It is usually stated, in an off-hand way, that she gets all her 'gowns' from Worth. She is, however, as strange in her speech as the male species. One of these ladies is given the Christian names of Maud Marian, and is described as being 'one of the belles of Fifth Avenue.' In speaking of an Englishman who is about to visit the United States, she says that 'the Amurrican gals can knock chunks off'r the English gals;' and adds that 'the English gals'll be mad if he du take home a wife from the States.' Another book has in it an American by the name of Josiah Q. Whittle—a delicate allusion to our national peculiarity; and yet another speaks of California as the 'sunny South,' and introduces a darky who plays persistently on the banjo, and talks like the old-fashioned Negro-minstrel. And yet this is supposed to be an enlightened age!

Now, what I wish to urge is, that the average American novel, though often thin in substance, and drawn out to such attenuation that one wonders when the vanishing-point will be reached, still shows neater workmanship than the average English novel. It has not those loose ends flying abroad, that slovenly, make-shift style, so insulting to the reader. With us, there is less of that dreary 'padding'—that interminable trudging in a circle—which is a conspicuous feature of the English novel. The fatal tendency of our writers is toward attitudinizing. Henry James, in the closing scene of 'Roderick Hudson,' says, 'Mary threw herself on the body, with a magnificent movement.' With that one stroke, he destroys the whole reality of the picture. It is no longer something that is happening: it is only something in a book. But although the mannerisms of James and his followers produce a strained and artificial effect, one can see, in all this, the effort to do good work. The average English novelist seems often satisfied to do remarkably bad work; and clever writers, like Norris, sink contentedly from the height of 'Mlle. de Mersac' to the wearisome platitudes of 'Thirlby Hall.' It has been complained that the conversations in some of the modern American novels are unnaturally clever—that people are not continually thrusting and parrying like 'intellectual gladiators.' This fault, certainly, cannot be found with the average English novelist. A deadly and respectable dulness pervades his virtuous page. He keeps timidly to conventional phrases, seeming to think there would be an absolute impropriety in saying anything that has not been said a hundred times before. You ask yourself, bewildered, what manner of men and women can they be who create the demand for these books?

J. K. Wetherill.

Reviews

The Badminton Sporting Library.*

The lack of any encyclopædia from which an inexperienced man can gain sufficient information upon the theory and practice of British sports, has suggested this series, which takes its name from the home of the editor. The volumes, of which four have already appeared, are handsome crown octavoes, of from 400 to 500 pages each, and,

* The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes. Edited by the Duke of Beaufort, K.G., assisted by Alfred E. T. Watson: I. Hunting, by the Duke of Beaufort, Mowbray Morris, and others. II. Fishing: Salmon and Trout, by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, and others. III. Fishing: Pike and other Coarse Fish, by the same. IV. Racing and Steeple-Chasing, by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, W. G. Craven, Arthur Coventry, and others. $3.50 per vol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

from the extensive scale on which the work is planned, it promises to be, when completed, true to its name, a veritable library of reference upon all matters connected with the pastimes so dear to the British heart.

The first volume is devoted to 'Hunting,' and after a delightfully racy and informing chapter upon the history and literature of the subject, gives attention to the hunted and the hunters, describing the stag, the fox and the hare, their habits and peculiarities, and the manner and rules of the chase; giving all needful advice as to the care and management of horse and dog, in stable, kennel and field; detailing the duties and essential qualifications of the various hunt-servants, as whipper-in, earth-stopper, and huntsman-in-chief; and offering many suggestions to the rider, which only the most self-opinionated horseman can fail to find of great service. Then follow descriptions of the hunting-grounds in the 'shires' and 'provinces'—as the fashionable and semi-fashionable districts are technically designated—and some hints upon 'hunting from London.' A pleasantly written chapter upon 'The Otter and his Ways' concludes the volume, which is well illustrated, and supplied, moreover, with appendices, containing a list of masters of hounds, another of names of hounds, a glossary of terms, and a bibliography of the subject. The anecdotes, and incidents, and witty allusions so abundantly interspersed, the sprightly style in which all the matter is presented, and the enthusiasm of the writers, render the volume decidedly entertaining even to the non-professional reader, while to the sportsman its value is unquestionable.

'Fishing' is the theme of two still larger volumes, one being entirely taken up with salmon and trout, and the other with pike, perch, carp and other coarse fish. Tackle and fishing gear, bait, fly-fishing, spinning and bait-fishing, the natural history of the British *Salmonidæ*, fish-culture, where and when to fish, are a few of the topics here discussed by specialists, with a thoroughness which apparently leaves nothing to be desired. Poetry, sentiment and humor diversify the instructive details, and dulness is an ingredient wholly left out.

The fourth, and most recent, volume of the series, on 'Racing,' opens with a sketch of the history and progress of the sport, and a brief account of the Jockey Club. Then there is a chapter on the duties of racing officials, and another giving a vivid picture of a day at Newmarket. The old and the new styles of trainers and jockeys are described and contrasted, with many reminiscences, amusing and otherwise, of those who have distinguished themselves in either of these professions. The love of betting is so thoroughly ingrained in the average Briton, who would as soon take an egg without salt, or cod without oyster-sauce, as witness a race without laying a wager on it, that to omit full directions on this important concomitant of the race-course would be unpardonable. So, after a faint admission that the practice is of questionable morality, the author goes quite fully into the subject, furnishing the novice with much wise counsel in reference to the rules and methods, the probabilities and tricks, of this branch of the sport. The last third of the volume is concerned with steeple-chasing, treating of its origin and development, selection of horse and his training, fences and fencing, hurdle-racing, directions for riding the race, and closing with a lively account of famous chasers and their riders. This part of the work was written by Arthur Coventry, well-known among lovers of the turf as the first gentleman-rider of the day. An appendix contains tables of pedigrees of noted horses.

Miss Blow's "Study of Dante."*

In this little volume the attempt is made to discover and present the inner meaning of Dante's great poem. Miss Blow is one of those interpreters who is not content to accept the 'Divine Comedy' as mere poetry, but finds in it religion and philosophy. She has written with enthusiasm and with earnest conviction, and also with the belief that the full meaning of Dante has not usually been reached. She thinks his critics have been content with a too literal interpretation, and did not see the spiritual meanings underlying the terrible story of his journey into the other world. We feel, however, that she has gone too far the other way, and has read into his poem what he never thought of and could not have believed in. She has caught too much the fashion of that other St. Louis critic, Mr. Denton Snider, who has found the whole of Hegel's philosophy in Shakspeare. Such criticism as this we think to be worthless, because it assumes that the imaginative writer is held within the bounds of some special system of the universe. That Dante was affected deeply and profoundly by the scholastic philosophy there can be no doubt; but that philosophy was held in solution in his mind. He by no means accepted it in its entirety, and he was not dominated by it. He controlled it, and it did not cramp or hinder him. Having presented this objection to Miss Blow's book we are prepared to admire it heartily, and to say that it is written in an excellent spirit and out of ample knowledge. It is worthy to be placed alongside the essays of Lowell and R. W. Church, not as being equal to them, but as supplementing them and in some directions widening their range of interpretation. It is well that Dante should in this way be brought closer to the modern reader, and the great power and meaning of his poem nearer to the comprehension of our scientific age. Miss Blow does much to relieve him from the first impression made on the reader, that he is describing a merely artificial world, and one that never had any reality except in his imagination. In fact, he takes the mediæval conception of the universe as a mere mould into which to cast his grand spiritual conception of the city of God. Perhaps no other English interpreter of Dante has so clearly brought this out as Miss Blow has done, and herein lies the value of her book.

* A Study of Dante. By Susan E. Blow. With an introduction by W. T. Harris. $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Children of the Earth."*

This is a very original and deeply interesting novel, full of plot, incident, spirited talk and character, and never too improbable for belief. It deals with that question—decidedly of the earth, earthy—which novelists had much better leave entirely alone unless they can treat it as well as it has beeen treated here: the old, old problem of confused love and duty, passion and law. The situation in 'Children of the Earth' has new features, however, and is admirable and noteworthy for the way the problem is solved. There is no goody-goody sermonizing; that which is of the earth, earthy, is permitted to show and exercise its power; but that which is highest in human nature comes splendidly to the front after all. The novelty in the treatment is this: We have had before in similar situations a reckless hero saved from the consequences of his recklessness by a noble heroine, and *vice-versâ;* but here neither hero nor heroine is strictly noble; both tremble on the verge of sin; both are 'indifferent children of the earth;' and they at last save themselves by that which is best in each of them momentarily gaining the upper hand. The extreme cleverness, and the innate nobleness of this conception, are hardly appreciated on the first reading, when the reader is absorbed in the interest of the book as a mere story; but the fineness of it, as a study of human nature, makes it really a striking study of the conflict between good and evil.

Nothing is glossed over, of the terrible power of the 'earth' over the soul. The young heroine whose maidenly purity revolts from marrying a man who has deceived another girl only so lightly as by frivolous flirtation, is almost swept away, later in life, by her passion for the same man, who by that time has a wedded wife. She has determined

* Children of the Earth. By A. R. Macfarlane. $1. New York: Holt's Leisure Hour Series.

to fly with him, when she picks up a letter he has accidentally dropped. It was one he had written to her after their first separation, when after a battle in which he was severely wounded he believed himself dying, and saw clearly through the mists of death that she had been right in turning from him. 'I feel, that from your ability to resist your love for me, you showed yourself something that my love could only degrade. I die, blessing you that my life has not gone out without one glimpse of God and Heaven on earth.' The instant revulsion in her feeling, the determination not to fall below this highest estimate which he had once had of her, is a strongly dramatic point in the story. It comes out in bolder relief from the fact that this was not a goody-goody hero, preaching successfully to one morally beneath him; but a reckless fellow, heroic only at the moment, who had *not* died, and who, on coming back to earth and life, had come back to ten-fold his old recklessness. No one cursed his folly in writing such a sentimental letter more than he did himself; he would have repealed it on the spot, and persuaded the heroine to worse wickedness than he had planned at first; but the one momentary appeal to her finest nature from that which was finest in his nature, had gone irreparably forth, and had triumphed over all the instincts of passionate evil. Such a situation is novel in the world of fiction, and is worth dwelling upon as a bit of subtle psychology. Besides this, there is a great deal in the book to hold one's interest. The character-drawing is admirable; especially that of the stern and sarcastic grandmother, who 'hated nothing so much as having to set people right,' except, as her granddaughter drily remarks, 'leaving them in their error.' The faulty heroine, the very faulty but fascinating hero, the excellent Ned, all are painted with skill and sympathy, and the book as a whole is really a remarkable one.

"Bird-Ways."*

BIOGRAPHY or autobiography—which shall we call Mrs. Miller's bright little 'Bird-Ways'? Since Ouida wrote the story of 'A Dog of Flanders,' and Hopfen the German 'The Fortunes and Fates of Little Spangle,' we do not remember meeting anything on animal life so entertaining in its way as these autobiographical sketches of birds and their 'ways' through the mouth of their spokeswoman. John Burroughs has struck a deeper, more universal chord; Dr. Abbott prattled delightfully of 'The Tenants of an Old Farm,' and Maurice Thompson writes with poetic felicity of a small class of Southern birds enshrined in their outdoor semi-tropical surroundings. A contributor to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has for several years past been writing graphic and admirable papers on the *avi-fauna*, the moths and the butterflies of Louisiana; but we do not remember to have come upon a bird-lover quite so amiably eccentric, quite so characteristically circumscribed in her observations as Mrs. Miller. She has a roomful—a houseful, for aught we know—of robins and wood-thrushes, song-thrushes and cat-birds, orioles, and house-sparrows, and blackbirds; and these are the 'birds' whose 'ways' she so sympathetically studies—whose tiny autobiographies she writes for them—whose spiritual existences she is the *planchette* and the recording angel for. And happy are they in their *raconteuse*, for Mrs. Miller has a way of bringing out the facts and fancies of bird-life that is highly objective and felicitous. Her roomful of hopping and twittering memoirs-on-legs is a more living world to her than the busy world without. Her birds are free as the air—within the room; and they enter into an intelligent rapport with her and with their surroundings which enables her to surprise and elicit many a saucy secret of 'birdie's' feelings and doings. Her charming memoirs of the seven guests reveal an extensive knowledge of birds, and accentuate the highly individualized characters of creatures whom the workaday tribe regard as all alike. To Mrs. Miller's lover's eye her birds are as different as cherubim and seraphim—as 'spirits of burning' from 'spirits of knowing,' and we share her knowledge and affection for the little songsters with startled delight.

* Bird-Ways. By Olive Thorne Miller. $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Chautauqua Movement."*

'THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT' is a fitting tribute to one of the most remarkable educational enterprises of our day. If (as the author suggests) there are still persons who know little or nothing about Chautauqua, or who have some ill-defined prejudice against it, this book, telling the story of its beginning, achievement and promise, will greatly enlighten them. The entire movement is based upon the ideas, that life is a school; that the true foundation of education is religion; that the devout soul has a right to all knowledge, religious and secular; that while youth is the time for the training and discipline of the school-room, in mature life the intellect is at its best for reading, reflection and production, for reasoning, and for utilizing knowledge to practical results; that this mature intellectual power needs direction, assistance and encouragement, by means of courses of study outlined, books for reading indicated, questions answered; and that this aid may be rendered by correspondence with the best teachers, by voluntary associations, local circles, contact with resident scholars, and other means. It is, in short, a school for people out of school who can no longer attend school. It embraces work done at Chautauqua and similar assemblies, in lectures and by class instruction for a few weeks every summer; work done away from Chautauqua, in voluntary reading through the year, under direction; and work done away from Chautauqua during the entire year, in study under teachers, by correspondence, followed by examinations, and awarding of diplomas. Dr. Vincent gives an interesting account of the origin of the movement (of which he himself is the animating spirit), and of its development in twelve years from a simple Sunday School Assembly into an organization including no less than twenty-two departments of educational work. A sketch of the work undertaken in some of these is presented. There are also many reminiscences of notable meetings, and programmes of all the assemblies. The book has no table of contents, and no index, but in other respects is admirable as a retrospect of a noble work, excellently carried on.

Through Central America and Mexico.†

WHILE it may not exactly be said of Miss Sanborn in Central America, in Malherbe's graceful verse,

Elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses—

for her path there was not strewn with roses,—one may congratulate her on having performed a very difficult journey very well, and—which is more pertinent—on having written of it in a modest and appreciative way. How many tourists scold like jaybirds as soon as they have turned their backs on a country; and, instead of being pilloried in the market-place for it, flaunt their slanders in reams of print, to the delectation of themselves though not of their unsympathetic readers! Miss Sanborn is happily free from this characteristic of the common scolds called travellers; she is wide-awake, earnest, and unaggressive; she has a good word for the toiling Indian populations of Guatemala through which she journeyed by carriage and mule-back; her digestion is not thrust into the foreground of her picture, and one is not at every chapter overwhelmed with a Newgate chronicle of aches and execrations. We are introduced to two Boston people—father and daughter—landing on the Atlantic coast of the wild and lovely mountain Republic of Guatemala; pursuing their journey to the capital first by boat up the Dulce River and across the beautiful interior lakes; then by

* The Chautauqua Movement. By John H. Vincent. Boston: Chautauqua Press.
† A Winter in Central America and Mexico. By Helen J. Sanborn. $2.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

mule-back and almost inaccessible mountain-trails over the mountain-chain that squeezes interior Guatemala into a great mountain-jumble smoking with volcanoes. On the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific we catch interesting glimpses of the aborigines, the coffee and banana plantations, the earthquake-ruined cities, the marvellous verdure of the tropics, the Indian villages sprinkled like pepper-chest all over the high interior mountain plateau. At the capital we are introduced to President and Madame Barrios; the character and customs of the people are sketched in bird's-eye view; we pass on to the Pacific coast, and take ship for Panama, thence by way of Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Nearly a hundred pages are devoted to Mexico; and then 'home again' looms in sight. These simple chapters are the unaffected outgrowth of an alert New England mind suddenly transported to the tropics: from snow to sunflowers, from icicles to heliotrope in the open air, from frozen rivers to lakes shimmering in heavenly sunshine. Who does not envy the Aladdin's carpet that can effect such miraculous transportation!

"Don Miff." *

THE bewildered reader who turns the pages of 'Don Miff' in the vain hope of finding a brief clew to what it is all about, will not be any more bewildered than the conscientious critic who has read the whole of it—the pages upon pages of incoherent talk, uninteresting incident, reasoning so absurd that one does not know but that it may be intentional burlesque. 'Don Miff' is simply one of our old friends, John Smith, given the nickname first by a child who could not otherwise pronounce the name. There are only two interesting things in the book which purports to chronicle his career: one is the naïve summary in the twenty-eighth chapter of the beauties and disadvantages of slavery; the other is the equally naïve explanation in the seventieth chapter of why the North conquered the South in 'the late unpleasantness.' The latter is really too entertaining not to be quoted. We are told that the North conquered only because it had more men, and that it had more men only because it had more money. In other words, whenever more troops were needed, the North simply 'subscribed' vast sums for bounty money, which attracted countless hordes to fight the battles that Northern young men did not care to fight themselves. The author innocently tells us that 'persons who have visited the North' have told him that 'you rarely find a man of means who served in the army.' He forgets that perhaps some of them are not easily found because they died at Fort Wagner. What follows is really too dramatic not to be given in full. After stating that because hired foreigners fought our battles, less and less grief came to Northern firesides as the War went on, he says of our hired friends:

> From every corner of Europe they poured.
> From Italy, from Sweden, from Russia, and from Spain.
> From the Danube and the Loire; from the marshy borders of the Elbe and the sunny slopes of the Guadalquiver.
> From the Alps and the Balkan.
> From the home of the reindeer and the land of the olive.
> From Majorca and Minorca, and from the Isles of Greece.
> From Berlin and Vienna; from Dublin and from Paris; from the vine-clad hills of the Adriatic and the frozen shores of the Baltic.
> From Skager Rack and Skater Gat, and from Como and Killarney.
> From sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain, from the banks and braes of Bonny Doon, and from Bingen-on-the-Rhine.
> Catholic and Calvinist; Teuton, Slav, and Celt,—who was not there to swell their host, and the babel of tongues around their camp fires? For to every hut in Europe, where the pinch of want was known, had gone the rumor of fabulous bounty and high pay now, generous pension hereafter.

And from this formidable oratory follows the tremendous deduction that the North was conquered at Bull Run because it met the South; but the South was conquered at Appomattox only because it met 'the world in arms!'

* Don Miff. Edited by Virginius Dabney. $1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Flights in Paradise.*

THE frontispiece of this lively book of rollicking fun and subtle wit is the Gate of Paradise. Yet the gate is not that of Tom Moore, or of Mohammed, or of St. Peter. Nor is the gait that of a palmer, a Mecca-bound traveller, or a pilgrim bound to Jerusalem. The gate is of *keaki* (*cryptomeria Japonica*), and copper-bound and nail-studded—the gate-bolts are of wood—the overhanging foliage is of pine-branches—and the vision within the gates ajar is of Fuji Yama, of sunshine, fields, castle towers, and the landscape which belongs to Japan alone. The 'penitent peri' who stands disconsolate without the gate is shaven-pated, with top-knot of gun-trigger pattern, shod with sandals, greaved and clothed in indigo-dyed cotton, with slung 'roof-hat,' and bundle tied over his breast. He is a typical Japanese pilgrim, and the artist of the picture is none other than the author of this new pilgrim's progress told on the printed page.

Not under 'the similitude of a dream,' but as a record of sober fact and waking observation, is the narrative told. It crackles with fun, and is full of only that wit which a polished man of society and traveller in many lands knows how to lavish unsparingly. It is a picture of holiday life in Japan, when leaving counting-house and tea-quotations, and rumors of 'hanks' and 'cocoons' and 'waste' silk behind, The commercial man toys and dallies with 'fair Japan.' Her scenery, her men and women, babies and animals, diet and dishes, and all the mysteries, miseries and delights of the beautiful, evergreen country, are depicted with unending fund of funny remarks. Occasionally the narrator gives us a blood-curdling story, from one of the native Scheherezades who abound in the land of Tycoons and Mikados, and who represent in one person a whole theatrical troupe. Experiences of far-eastern travel in *kago* (palanquin), on horse-back (with hornets added), on sandals, and in boats, have been often told before, but never so amusingly as by this peri-author. The book is a pocket volume for summer holidays, most delightfully painting *dolce far niente* in both sunny and wintry Japan. The author carries us behind the looking-glass, and reveals a 'paradise' which, in either morals or home comforts, does not come up to our standard as nursed in a warm Western imagination. He is as free in his criticisms as Miss Bird in her 'Unbeaten Tracks,' and sufficiently realistic to please very broad tastes. The accounts of his flights in Genoa, in Florence and in Nicoea are amusing and readable, but these are outside of that Paradise, which even now some tourists and harem-keepers find in the Land of the Rising Sun. For a truthful and unhackneyed sketch of life inside Japan—especially the Japan of fifteen years ago—we need seek no further. Yet the 'penitent peri' need not expect to be medalled by the natives—especially the diplomatists in Tōkiō; for of all objectionable things in their eyes are books which tell the naked truth about people and things in 'Everlasting Great Japan.'

The Parliamentary System in Canada.†

THOSE who desire to have in brief compass the precise form which the English system of parliamentary government has assumed in British North America, cannot do better than to refer to this well-written treatise by Mr. Colby. It has been pronounced by the highest Canadian authority,—the late Mr. Alpheus Todd, eminent for his works on the same subject,—'a comprehensive outline of our political system, drawn with great fidelity and insight, and with a keen appreciation of the worth of British constitutional principles.' This appreciation, it should be added, is so

* Flights Inside and Outside Paradise. By a Penitent Peri (Geor:e Cullem Pearson). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Parliamentary Government in Canada. A Lecture read before the Law School of Bishop's College, Sherbrooke. By C. C. Colby, M.P. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

strong as to blind the esteemed author to the one great defect of the system,—a defect of which the consequences were found so serious as to induce all the earlier American colonies, as soon as they obtained their independence, to repudiate and reject this part of the British method. This defect is the union of the legislative and executive powers in the same body—that of the Parliamentary Ministry. The baleful result of this union is seen in the heavy and rapidly increasing indebtedness, not only of Canada, but of every country in Europe which has adopted the system. On the other hand, in the United States, where the legislative and executive departments are kept distinct, the Federal Government and all the separate States which have debts are steadily reducing their liabilities. Of all the methods of executive government in free states, the parliamentary method is the most wasteful, unsteady and corrupting. It had its use in wrenching power from royal and aristocratic hands and transferring it to the people. But in Canada this object has been attained. The system has survived its usefulness, and leads now only to evil results. On the other hand, the permanent and well-ordered civil service of Canada, as contrasted with the pernicious 'spoils' system which has prevailed on this side since the Jacksonian era, deserves all the credit which Mr. Colby claims for it.

Minor Notices

'THOUGHTS,' by Ivan Panin (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is a collection of 435 aphorisms, after the manner of Colton, Pascal, Joubert, Antoninus, Solomon, and the others who have been skilled in compressing the wisdom of the ages into brief, sententious utterances. These 'thoughts' are not so witty as Dean Swift's, nor so cynical as the 'maxims' of La Rochefoucauld, but mildly clever, and oft-times suggestive. 'The sage borrows experience, the wise man buys it, but the fool pays for it without using it.' 'Few can tell what they know without also showing what they do not know.' 'Fortunes are made by taking opportunities: character by making them.' Many of the apothegms might be used as topics for discussion, since they are not always axiomatic.——A DELIGHTFUL novelty for young readers, even in these days of many novelties, is the bright—or perhaps we should say dark—little book called 'Slate and Pencil People,' by Emma A. Opper, with amusing illustrations, supposed to be in the black and white of the slate and pencil order, by F. Opper (White, Stokes & Allen). The nonsense is capital, and the pictures can be reproduced on a slate by young artists.——'THE SAUNTERER,' by Charles Goodrich Whiting (Ticknor), is the republication in book form of the brief papers, scarcely more than notes, which for three years have made up an interesting department in the Sunday issue of that well-known and influential journal, The 'Springfield *Republican*.' They are quiet, thoughtful, pleasant little paragraphs, modestly aiming only to follow Emerson's advice:

> Tell men what they knew before;
> Paint the prospect from their door.

J. S. JEANS has compiled a very elaborate volume of statistics on 'England's Supremacy: its Sources, Economics, and Dangers' (Franklin Square Library). It is not a book of theory and argument, but a statement of facts supported by figures. The compiler takes a hopeful, though not extravagant, view of the situation.——WE have received from Bangor, Me., the fifth issue of that monument of painstaking industry, 'The Q. P. Index Annual.' It contains references to articles by 1705 writers for the American, German and English magazines and reviews; and there is an index of subjects as well as of authors.——'FOREWARNED—FOREARMED,' by J. Thain Davidson, D.D. (Armstrong), is a series of sensible, pertinent, attractive addresses to young men, to be commended for their straightforward honesty, their practical value, and their entertaining literary quality.——THE fourth number of the fourth series of the valuable Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, edited by Prof. H. B. Adams, is 'Pennsylvania Boroughs,' by Mr. William P. Holcomb. The Pennsylvania borough—governmentally separated from the adjoining township, though the latter perhaps has the same name—differs materially from the New England village *in* a town; and the successful working of the borough system in the Keystone State is well explained in Mr. Holcomb's monograph.

'IN SUNNY LANDS,' by William Drysdale (Harper's Franklin Square Library), comes, with its descriptions and pictures, as a timely reminder to both invalids and tourists that the trip to Nassau or Cuba is a delightful winter 'outing.' The author makes the novel suggestion that people with limited means may enjoy a great deal by going to Nassau and camping out for the winter, as they are wont to do in summer. It is not to be forgotten that the steamers of the Ward Line, in their exceptional comfort, add a good deal to the pleasure of the trip.——Two new issues in the appetizing Traveller's Series have reached us: Hood's 'Up the Rhine' and Tuckerman's 'The Greeks of To-day' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The series now embraces thirteen numbers, and includes rambles in Siberia, the Rocky Mountains, Cuba, Brittany, Italy, the Hudson Bay Territory and the Himalayas. The form is eminently convenient, and the type is clear and good. Of Hood's 'Up the Rhine' only a word need be said: it is one of the most grotesque and engaging of burlesques on sentimental travellers in romantic regions, and it is adorned with Hood's own original wood-cuts. Tuckerman's 'Greeks' is as agreeable in English as in Modern Greek, in which we once had the pleasure of reading it. 'To-day' in this book means 1872, when Mr. Tuckerman was Minister-Resident of the United States at Athens; but the Greeks have not changed essentially since then.

YOU can hardly see the pages of 'King's Handbook of Boston' for the pictures. It is fairly crammed with them; and they show not only the principal objects of popular interest, but many of the largest shops and manufactories as well—particularly those of a firm in Hawley Street that has 'already bought fully 2500 copies of this work, and distributed them in all quarters of the globe.' In other words, the book has been prepared on strictly business principles. It is, nevertheless, the most complete and satisfactory guide-book to Boston that has yet appeared. It contains nearly 300 pages, and the text of the current edition —the seventh—has been carefully revised. One is startled on page 103 by reading beneath a statue of Venus, standing in a shower of spray, the legend 'Everett Statue.' But such slips are of rare occurrence. (Moses King, Cambridge, Mass.)——'BOSTON ILLUSTRATED' reappears in a new and revised edition from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is dated May, 1886, and its facts and figures have been brought down to date. It is smaller than King's, and is bound in paper; but it is a valuable reference book as well as a handy guide. A large map accompanies it.

Magazine Notes

The Atlantic opens with one of Dr. Holmes's most delightful papers: a description of his first visit to Europe fifty years ago, eloquent of the wonderful changes he is sure to witness on the present trip. The changes to the individual man, who had not at that time, as he modestly expresses it, 'opened his sealed orders,' are in their way as dramatic as the changes to man in the abstract. 'I had two letters to persons in England,' runs the modest record of the young medical student; 'one to kind and worthy Mr. Petty Vaughan, who asked me to dinner; one to pleasant Mr. William Clift, who asked me to tea.' It is doubtful whether a whole number of *The Atlantic* will suffice for the record of hospitalities extended to him now, without any letters at all. George Frederic Parsons writes well on the Labor Question, acknowledging the right of Labor to organize, but deploring, for the sake of the laborer as well as the employer, such organization as that whose 'tyranny towards non-union men is not greater than its tyranny toward its own members,' and adding aptly, 'what an American citizen obtains by joining the order [Knights of Labor] is apparently the suspension of almost every important right and immunity secured to him by the Constitution of the United States.' John Fiske writes of the confusion and almost bankruptcy after the Revolution, and gives a vivid account of the Mediterranean corsairs. Philip Gilbert Hamerton begins a series of papers on the French and the English; and Harriet W. Preston, who has been long in Europe, writes judiciously about Ouida. Mr. James's, Mr. Bishop's and Miss Murfree's serials progress well; and Mrs. Champney contributes a striking Indian story.

Mr. Warner, in *Harper's*, seems to be handicapped by the necessity for 'a story' in 'Their Pilgrimage.' It evidently weighs heavily upon his mind, and as a natural consequence weighs heavily upon his reader's. The descriptive part is so inimitably good that it did not need the fictitious prop at all. All the adventures and sentiments of the hero and heroine put together are less entertaining than that one eloquent description

of the harbor at Newport, looking as if 'it would all be taken in at night.' 'The New York Produce Exchange' is described by Richard Wheatly, with illustrations; and we are reminded that on the floor of it 'a buyer may receive from Europe a cable order for a cargo of grain, flour, or provisions, may purchase what is ordered, charter a vessel for shipment, engage an elevator to load the grain, or a lighter to move provisions or flour, effect insurance, sell exchange, cable back the fact of his purchases, and write and mail his letters.' Ballard Smith gives interesting and novel facts about 'The Gunpowder for Bunker Hill;' Richard T. Ely, discussing the Railway Problem, believes that it lies at the root of a good many other social problems; while Henry P. Wells's 'Salmon-Fishing' and Mr. Gibson's 'Singing Wings,' with Mr. Abbey's ever-delightful Goldsmith pictures, lighten the serious elements more than the fiction does.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton will publish his 'Personal Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle' in the July number of *The New Princeton Review*. Mr. Norton was in the habit of making notes of his conversations with Carlyle at the time. He has been assisted in his paper by a mass of correspondence placed in his hands by Carlyle's niece, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.——Miss Amélie Rives, the author of *The Atlantic* story, 'A Brother to Dragons,' and of a sonnet in the last *Century*, is only twenty-three years old, and is said to be 'very beautiful.' Miss Grace King, another young Southerner, who wrote the anonymous short story called 'Monsieur Motte' in the first number of *The New Princeton Review*, has a sketch entitled 'Bonne Maman' in the July *Harper's*.

The last four or five numbers of the fortnightly *Nuova Antologia* abound in useful and entertaining studies and articles. Giuseppe Chiarini writes sympathetically of Robert Burns, and translates his poems well. Setti rhapsodizes over a recent excursion in Greece. Paolo Lioy, who is an Italian John Burroughs, writes delightfully of the habits of wasps and spiders. Pasteur's discoveries receive enlightened acceptance from E. Mancini. Novelli recounts the wonderful identification of a bust of Torquato Tasso which had long lain unidentified in the convent of San Onoprio. The life and writings of Sainte-Beuve are discussed by Mazzoni. Herbert Spencer's 'Factors of Organic Evolution' is translated; and the usual musical and political reviews conclude each number.——*The American Journal of Philology* for April, 1886, is largely devoted to English topics, though Prof. Whitney has a weighty review (an unfavorable one) of the Hindu Upanishads and their latest translation. Dr. F. B. Gummere writes learnedly on 'The Translation of Beowulf and the Relations of Ancient and Modern Verse.' The 'N-verbs in Gothic' call forth an essay from Mr. Egge.

On the Signature of a Blind Poet.*

A name of light in darkness traced we read,
Its charactery confused and intricate.
Seems couched within this piteous tangled brede
Life's riddle in the cryptic hand of fate.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Lamb's "Beauty and the Beast," Again.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I see in *The Critic* for May 22d, 1886 (which has just reached me), notice of a third copy of Charles Lamb's 'Beauty and Beast;' and, since your paper has taken interest throughout in this discovery, I hope my bit of information will not come amiss. I am a passionate admirer of Charles Lamb, and was, as you may imagine, delighted when the reprint of 'Beauty and Beast' appeared in the Thanksgiving *Independent* of 1885, and I discovered that it was identical with a little book that my Father gave me years ago, and that has since been one of my most valued treasures. I did not immediately make known my treasure, for being on a visit to America, and not having the book with me, I could not verify it, except from memory. In 1877, my Father, being on a journey to Florence, picked up the little book from a second-hand book-stall there, and sent it to me on my birthday. The unknown history of its journeyings from London to Florence would alone add a certain smack of oddity to it, no less than the absurd price last paid for it (from 30 to 50 centimes, as my Father remembers—that is, 6 to 10 cents). But another particular, far more interesting, is what I principally wish to bring to your notice.

My book has no date, but, as you will see in the copy of its title-page, which I enclose, has a slightly different intestation and a different printer. The edition is not indicated, but I would judge it to be a first rather than a third, from the very fact that the date and edition are not mentioned—a circumstance more likely to attend a first publication rather than a second or third. After 'The End' there is a sort of note, reading:

LONDON: Printed by B. M. Mithan,
Row Street, Covent Garden.

The book is exquisitely bound in red morocco, stamped with gilt on the backs and edges, and the leaves are also gilded. It is a little rubbed but otherwise in very good condition. The song, by Mr. Whitaker, has been cut out—was so when I first had it. The printed pages are yellowed and very slightly dimmed, with a few stains—but for this, perfect. The engravings are exquisite in finish and have all the clearness of first proofs.

ROME, ITALY, June 6th, 1886. LILLIAN VERNON.

[The title-page enclosed by our correspondent runs thus:

Beauty
and
The Beast
or,
A rough outside with a
gentle heart.
A poetical Version of an Ancient Tale
Illustrated with
A series of Engravings.
And Beauty's Song at her Spinning Wheel
Set to Music by Mr. Whitaker.

London:
Printed for M. Y. Godwin
At the Juvenile Library, 14 Skinner Street,
And to be had of all booksellers and Toymen
throughout the United Kingdom.
Price 5*s*. 6*d*. coloured, or 3*s*. 6*d*. plain.]

The De Vinne Press.

THE following lines were read at a complimentary lunch to the architects and builders of the De Vinne Press building, at Lafayette Place and Fourth Street, on Saturday, May 29th. The building is owned by Mr. Roswell Smith, President of The Century Co., and Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, the printer.

This building which our hosts have built,
And filled with paper, types, and presses,
Is not a thing of wood and gilt,
Whose tinsel gleam the eye impresses.

O no! it is a solid growth
Of brick and iron, stanch and strong,—
Doomed to outlast the owners both
To whom its roof and base belong.

Its purpose one had never guessed,
Its uses never had foreseen,
So well its stalwart walls suggest
An arsenal—or magazine.

These leaden types should bullets be;
These presses, that oppress the floor,
Should be transformed to cannonry,
To fright us with their dreadful roar.

Powder, not ink, we look to see;
A flag above the roof should soar;
The only papers here should be
'Papers relating to the War!'

And yet, though here be signs of peace,
These walls were reared for warlike uses—
A warfare which can never cease
Till Truth has righted Wrong's abuses.

Till Error feels a fatal wound,
Till every grievance finds redress,
Till Wisdom, Wit, and Love abound,
There's work for the De Vinne Press.

But here's a startling paradox:
Though new this building seems to be,—
And is, as time is told by clocks,—
'Tis yet in its third *Century!*

* Philip Bourke Marston's, in 'Representative Poems.'

The Lounger

I AM informed by one who knows that Thomas Hughes's Life of Peter Cooper will never be published. Not because it will never be written, for it has been written and the manuscript put into type. Indeed, fifty copies of the book were actually printed, but it was suppressed by the family of Mr. Cooper before it got to the public. They did not think it quite eulogistic enough, I believe. They wanted no criticism, and because there was a little in the book, though of the gentlest sort, it could not be printed. I regret this action on the part of Mr. Cooper's family, for they have deprived the world of what I am quite safe in saying is a most valuable contribution to contemporary biography. I don't know how Mr. Hughes takes this suppression of his book, but I shouldn't blame him if he felt exceedingly annoyed, for he did a great deal of hard work in connection with it.

MR. IRVING and Miss Terry will make a flying visit to the United States about the first of August. It will be a social and not a professional trip, and they will only remain here ten days, which they will spend with some friends up the Hudson. It is for rest and a change of scene that they are coming over. They have been working very hard this past season, and Miss Terry has a doctor in attendance upon her behind the scenes every evening. 'Faust' has been an immense success. Dr. Holmes went to see it the other night, and told Miss Terry he wasn't ashamed to say that he had a quiet little cry over her performance of Margaret. Mr. Irving has spared no pains or expense in the production of this piece. He spent weeks in Nuremberg with his scene-painter, getting the 'atmosphere' of the town and a panorama of its spires. Then he sent to Milan for a famous stage-manager to put on the Brocken scene, and paid $2,500 for a chime of bells that are played for less than five minutes in the first act. A friend writes to me from London that the theatre is packed every night, and as it holds $2,000 Mr. Irving must be getting back the first cost of the production. He has had 'Faust' by him for several years. Mr. Wills sold this version to him for $2,500 originally, and then fixed it up for $1,000 more. The Prince of Wales is very anxious to have the Queen see it, and Her Majesty is thinking seriously of doing so, though she has not been inside a place of amusement since the Prince Consort died.

THE Rudder Grange people and the Tile Club have found disciples and imitators in a party of New Yorkers who are journeying to Mauch Chunk by way of the raging Pennsylvania Canal. They have had a canal-boat roofed over and fitted up with awnings, curtains, etc., in such a way as to rob it of much of its uncouth appearance; and, with a cook and other servants at command, are prepared for any fate that may befall them. A newspaper paragraph reports that this new thing in canal-boats 'has made a great commotion among the towboys, and has frightened more than one veteran mule.' It is 'moored at nightfall in convenient places along the route, and the evenings are spent as pleasantly as possible.' The party consists of Robert W. De Forrest and wife; Louis Tiffany, the artist, and wife; Henry Holt, the publisher; Walter Tuckerman; and Miss Knox, daughter of Prof. Knox, of Lafayette College.

A FRIEND in England writes:—'The reception which Dr. Holmes has enjoyed in England surpasses anything which has been shown in recent times to any foreign writer. He has been literally overwhelmed with hospitality, and has been lionized by the whole of London, from the Royal family downwards. At almost every entertainment he meets Mr. Browning, whereas to see the more recluse Lord Tennyson, who moreover is in mourning for his son, he had to go down to Hampshire, conducted by Mr. Frederick Locker. His next visits are to the two principal Universities, where it is announced that he is to be the guest of Mr. Gosse at Cambridge and of Prof. Max Müller at Oxford. Each university will confer upon him the highest honorary degree which can be given to a stranger. The night after the critical division Mr. Gladstone dined with him. Lord Rosebery, who has looked after Dr. Holmes's amusements, took him down to the Derby; while in Lady Harcourt, who is an American, he has found one of the few friends who, as he thinks, awaited him in London. Dr. Holmes said the other day, "I thought I had only four friends in England, but I find I have four thousand." This is a very inadequate and low estimate of the real number. His health, which was very bad when he arrived, has recovered its elasticity, and he looks gay and erect as usual.'

ARCHIBALD FORBES, the famous war-correspondent of the London *Daily News*, has married into a military family. His wife's father is Quartermaster-General Meigs; of her uncles, one is Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, another is Col. J. N. Macomb, and a third is Capt. J. F. Rodgers, of the Army. Mr. Forbes's best man was Lieut. Montgomery Macomb, the bride's cousin, whose brother, Lieut. A. C. Macomb, formerly of the Navy but now of the Army, was, in his day, the bravest, the best looking and the most popular young man at the Naval Academy.

MACOMB, who belonged to the Class of '76, always had a happy faculty of getting into scrapes, and numberless legends of his adventures and misadventures are current at Annapolis. Once, when he had received within a few of the whole number of demerits permitted to a member of his class, and an 'upper class-man' reported him for some trivial offence, he sent the young man' a formal challenge—and was duly court-martialed for doing so. At another time, when in danger of being caught visiting a friend's room out of hours, he climbed out of a third-story window and hung from the sill, only climbing in again when his fingers began to yield to the strain. When his father came to the Academy to remonstrate with him, Macomb persuaded him to put on a pair of boxing-gloves and have a friendly bout with him in his bedroom. Finally he was dropped from the Register, and, coming to New York, shipped before the mast on a merchant-vessel bound to China or Australia. The ship was reported lost in rounding Cape Horn, but after a long and hard passage she put into port at San Francisco. There Macomb found a letter telling him to report to Col. Fred. Grant for examination for a lieutenancy in the Army. He did so, and is now attached to the Fifth Cavalry. I have heard of late years of his being court-martialed, and receiving nominal punishment, for some technical misdemeanor; and being taken down with mountain fever, and reported dead to his family and friends in the East. It was Macomb's paternal grandfather, afterwards Commander-in-Chief, who won the victory of Plattsburg in the War of 1812. The gallant war-correspondent will find in his wife's erratic cousin a man after his own heart.

'MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS will give recitations from Shakspeare, and her inimitable "Helen's Babies," at a concert next Saturday evening, in aid of the funds of the Popular Ballad Concert Committee, at St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, W., at 8.30.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette, May 28th, 1886.* 'They would talk of nothing but high life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.'—*The Vicar of Wakefield, March 27th, 1766.* Thus history repeats itself, after the lapse of a hundred and twenty years!

Edwin P. Whipple.

IN the death of Edwin P. Whipple (June 16), Boston loses an excellent essayist and critic—one of an old but delightful school, which seems likely wholly to die out soon, if it has not already quite disappeared. In these days of book-making—when the publisher gauges his market, and orders his supply to suit the next year's trade, taking thought for quick returns and rapid change of plant—who has the heart to spend a life-time in transmuting himself into a book? And who is left with leisure to note such a book, if it is written—to pore over it lovingly, to follow its author into his haunts and re-discover him? Whipple was one of those whose life was in books. He loved authors and their *ana*. He belonged to the era of lyceums and libraries; was himself a debater and lecturer, foraged widely in old English literature, and scattered the results of his literary adventure up and down New England from a hundred platforms. His lectures reappeared as essays; his essays expanded into books. The necessity of meeting his audience face to face made his style vivid, and kept his work fresh and spicy. Those old essays on Wordsworth and Byron, on James—not *our* James, but the voluminous G. P. R.—are well worth reading to-day. There is humor in them, shrewd observation as well as acute criticism; and it is possible to discover there much of the life of the times and of its habits of thought. Though not without ability to penetrate into deeper work, he was strongest in poetry and light literature, where beauty rather than philosophy was to be tested. He

was not an original thinker, but a follower and discoverer, with a keen eye and a good scent. But he followed only after what was sweet and wholesome and consoling, and that was the bent of New England forty years ago.

[*The New York Tribune.*]

Edwin Percy Whipple was born in Gloucester, Mass., on March 8, 1819. He entered a Salem bank as a clerk at the age of fifteen. Three years later he accepted a similar position in a Boston bank, where he subsequently held the chief clerkship. His literary tendency developed early. He was an active member of the Boston Mercantile Library Association, and became the leading spirit in a literary club which was formed by members of that association. They were accustomed to meet, read papers on various subjects, discuss knotty points in literature, and enjoy what they called 'Attic Nights.' Mr. Whipple was a man of thoroughly sunny temperament, and whatever he had to do with was sure to bear the impress of his genial spirit. His literary bent was so well recognized that he was appointed Superintendent of the Reading Room of the Merchants' Exchange at its foundation, and he continued to hold that office until 1860.

He does not appear to have perceived at the beginning the critical bias of his genius. He first appears in public as the author of a humorous poem which he read before the Mercantile Library Association. Two years later he was invited by the municipal authorities to deliver the Fourth of July oration, then not so hackneyed a function as at present, and his essay on 'Washington and the Principles of the American Revolution' attracted a great deal of attention and approbation. Before this, however, he had made his mark by an essay on Macaulay, attached to a new edition of the historian's works. It was appreciative yet critical, and the subject of it testified his satisfaction with the work by a letter in which he spoke highly of Mr. Whipple's performance. By this time his literary judgment was fully recognized, and he was writing papers for *The North American Review*, *The Christian Examiner*, and several other publications, of a character to increase the regard in which he was held. At a later period he ascended the lecture platform. It was when the best thought of the day found expression there, and when all that was brightest and most progressive in both sexes crowded the lecture halls with an eagerness which promised well for the future. Edwin Whipple's lectures were always much admired, though the smoothness and grace of his literary style not seldom deceived his hearers as to the radicalism of his utterances and the extent of his iconoclasm. It was a period, however, when everything was in a state of flux; a revolutionary period, when hopes which perhaps now seem chimerical to many, gave a wonderful eagerness and enthusiasm to discussion, and unquestionably imparted to it a loftiness and a serious aspect such as the agnostic spirit is wholly alien from. Whipple's quick intelligence could not but take fire from the inflammable mental stuff all around him, but it burned with a steady light, and was disinclined to spiritual pyrotechnics.

His published works, consisting largely of essays and papers collected from the periodicals in which they first appeared, include 'Essays and Reviews' (2 vols. 1848), 'Lectures on Subjects connected with Literature and Life' (1849), a 'Life of Macaulay' (1860) prefixed to an edition of his works, 'Character and Characteristic Men' (1867), 'The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth,' a course of lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute (1869), and a volume of essays (1871). The leading characteristic of Mr. Whipple's criticism is its geniality. The critical faculty may be possessed by two men to the same extent, and yet their expression may be radically diverse. Given the same power of weighing evidence, the same judgment, the same felicity of statement, it makes all the difference whether the temperament of the critic be optimistic or pessimistic. The atrabilious temperament is illustrated in criticism by Carlyle. The sunny temperament is equally well seen in Whipple. His native disposition to look at the bright side of everything in no way interfered with the effective exercise of his critical functions. His good nature neither blinded nor gagged him. It however informed his judgments with charity, and dignified his views by giving to them a lofty and high-spirited tone. The critic who sees all the good that inheres in his subject, yet does not fail to accord due weight to the bad also, is in the nature of things the best-balanced of critics, and this was Mr. Whipple's literary attitude. Possessing a delicate discrimination and an original way of regarding many matters, his endeavor always was to bring together in one focus every consideration which could rightly tell upon the final estimate of character or deeds; and the result was a body of criticism so just, acute, penetrating, catholic and considerate, that his condemnations leave little opportunity or hope for a reversal of judgment on appeal.

The place of such a man in the republic of letters cannot, however, be determined yet. When the earnest and zealous band of thinkers who understood him most clearly fell away with time, not only the absorbing influence of momentous national issues obscured all the acts of peace, but the provincial tendencies which were being apparently outgrown in his youth reasserted themselves to the injury of purely American reputations. There was indeed a place reserved for creative genius, but for the exercise of the critical faculty a European training was held necessary. Emerson's indeed was a chastened literature, but he had no second. Nevertheless, the critical work of Edwin Whipple has not often been surpassed by even the best men of the Old World, and certainly no American who has not studied his essays can be said to be *au courant* with the most solid literature of his own country.

Mr. Whipple spent his later years in a pleasant home on Pinckney Street, Boston. He had formed a congenial circle of friends, and his hospitable home was the Mecca of many a young pilgrim who needed and was sure to receive kind words and a helping hand. The thoroughly sympathetic nature of the man put him *en rapport* with all that deserved kindly consideration. His friendship was held precious by many. His advice and counsel were sought eagerly and constantly. He was modest, and never obtruded himself. Perhaps toward the last he may have suspected that he had survived the generation that comprehended him most fully. But certainly he never betrayed any sense of loss, and in fact he had little reason to, if the respect and affection of his own circle could compensate for the fading of that vague abstraction called the world. He belonged to a time when there were giants in the land. His most vivid reminiscences were of Choate and Emerson and Hawthorne and Longfellow and the brilliant band that made Boston worthy of her half-humorously bestowed title 'The Modern Athens.' One by one they have passed away, and in the death of Mr. Whipple we recognize the taking off of by no means the least distinguished and honored member of that bright company.

BOSTON, June 21 (*Special*).—The funeral of Edwin P. Whipple occurred to-day. Services were held at the house in Pinckney-st., and the public services were held later at West Church, the Rev. Dr. Bartol conducting both. Among those present at the church were ex-Governor Rice, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Darwin E. Ware, the Rev. James De Normandie, Colonel T. W. Higginson, William Durant, Judge Hoar, Professor Horsford, John S. Dwight, the Rev. Julius H. Ward, Thomas Gaffield, J. F. Dennett, Mrs. J. R. Vincent, H. O. Houghton, and Miss Elizabeth Peabody. The pall-bearers were Curtis Guild, E. H. Clement, M. S. Kennard, and Edward Stearns, and the ushers Mayor W. E. Russell, of Cambridge; Joseph B. Russell, W. I. Swoops, and F. A. Farnham. The Rev. Dr. Bartol pronounced a fitting eulogy of the dead.

[Mr. Whittier, in the Boston *Transcript*.]

With the possible exception of Lowell and Matthew Arnold, he was the ablest critical essayist of his time, and the place he has left will not be readily filled. Scarcely inferior to Macaulay in brilliance of diction and graphic portraiture, he was freer from prejudice and passion and more loyal to the truth of fact and history. He was a thoroughly honest man. He wrote with conscience always at his elbow, and never sacrificed his real convictions for the sake of epigram and antithesis. He instinctively took the right side of the questions that came before him for decision, even when by so doing he ranked himself with the unpopular minority. He had the manliest hatred of hypocrisy and meanness, but if his language had at times the severity of justice it was never merciless. He set down naught in malice. He will have an honored place in the history of American literature, but I cannot now dwell upon his authorship. I think of him as the beloved member of a literary circle, now, alas! sadly broken. I recall the wise, genial companion and faithful friend of nearly half a century, the memory of whose words and acts of kindness moistens my eyes as I write. It is the inevitable sorrow of age that one's companions must drop away on the right hand and the left with increasing frequency until we are compelled to ask with Wordsworth, 'Who next shall fall or disappear?' But in the case of him who has just passed from us we have the satisfaction of knowing that his life work has been well and faithfully done, and that he leaves behind him only friends.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE Art Students' League will begin its new season under the Presidency of Mr. Charles R. Lamb on October 4th. Last year's corps of instructors has been retained, with the addition of Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray, who will take the direction of the men's morning life class, and the return of Mr. T. W. Dewing, who will resume his work in the composition class. It is proposed to give the latter class a more prominent position than it has held heretofore, by changing the evening of its meeting from Saturday to Thursday, by increasing the hours of instruction, and by raising the standard of admission. The antique class, having increased so largely during the past season under Mr. Beckwith's direction, has been arranged for the coming year in two classes. It is also hoped during the coming year to start a class in modelling from the figure.

—Roger Riordan begins in the June *Art Amateur* a series of 'Lessons in Water-Color Painting.' The July number contains a large colored plate, 'Yellow Roses,' by Julia Dillon.

—Mr. Whistler has been elected President of the Society of British Artists.

Who Wrote Dickens?

[*Macmillan's Magazine.*]

THE labors of the great minds which have long been engaged in establishing the Baconian authorship of the plays vulgarly attributed to Shakspeare are now drawing to a close, and a gentleman is shortly to arrive from America with a history of the whole transaction, deciphered from the printer's errors in the First Folio.* It is a happy time, therefore, to inform the British public of a new sect which has arisen in America under the name of 'Spencerians,' whose cardinal doctrine it is that the novels of Dickens were in fact written by Mr. Herbert Spencer. What we owe to that ingenious people! Having identified the two English writers who were the glory of the Elizabethan age, they proceed to identify the two English writers who are not only the glory of ours, but who have attained the widest popularity in that hemisphere of plausible hypotheses. About *a priori* objections, we shall follow the later 'Baconians' in saying as little as possible. But the strong *primâ facie* evidence in both cases can now be re-stated with advantage.

Does anything, we would ask objectors, that is actually known of the late Mr. Dickens lead us to suppose him capable of the great intellectual achievements that range from 'Sketches by Boz' to 'Edwin Drood?' It is true that when Landor addressed him as the purest and loftiest spirit that, since Milton,

> Hath Heavenly Genius from her throne
> Deputed on the banks of Thames
> To speak his voice and urge his claims,

he knew the man as well as his books. But then Ben Jonson was blinded in precisely the same way about Shakspeare. He addressed to him a lofty panegyric, though from daily intercourse he must have begun to suspect that the bluff, genial, popular manager could not really be the author of such high imaginings as we find in Hamlet or Prospero. What we look at are facts and probabilities. We have nothing to do with the casual impressions produced on such people as the authors of the 'Underwoods' and the 'Hellenica.' Dickens had only the scantiest education. He was kept during two years of his childhood to menial work. He began in the humblest ante-chambers of journalism, as a reporter in the House of Commons. Does the reporters' gallery, we would ask, usually turn out these 'marvellous boys' who are able at their first start to run close upon the heels of Cervantes, to outdo Le Sage and Smollett? The truth is that there was at that time in Derby a truly 'marvellous boy,' who at the ages of twelve and thirteen regularly supplied the young reporter with those 'Sketches by Boz' which he forwarded under his own name to *The Monthly Magazine*.

Several childish explanations have been offered by Mr. Forster and others of the name of 'Boz.' It was really a conventional sign agreed on by the two conspirators, and is arrived at by pronouncing 'Her*b*ert *S*pencer' very fast. The 'B' and 'S' (most inspiring combination!) are the prominent letters, and a sort of 'buz' or 'boz' is the result. When the name was retained for the 'Pickwick Papers' there was, no doubt, also a side glance at the biographer of Johnson.

It is now time that we gave our readers some hints of the esoteric meaning of that famous book, which has hitherto but served to while away the idlest hours of the idlest minds. Our explanation will be so simple that every one who reads it will wonder that he never thought of it himself. The hero of the book, then, represents the ingenuous, undisciplined Spirit of Inquiry. He begins, as we see, with founding a club of the dilettante antiquarian order. After various adventures he finds in Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell the very impersonation of our ancient English life. But the peace of that solid and stately home is broken in upon by the irresponsible adventurer. Tracking the spoiler to a London inn, Mr. Pickwick makes his first acquaintance with Sam Weller, who is nothing but a lively representation of the Doctrine of Evolution. The very act in which Sam is first discovered is typical. It is intended that henceforward the Pickwick Club shall walk, not by the faint gleams of passing fancy or inscriptional learning, but by the light of the high polish which the faithful attendant can bestow upon their boots. It has been often remarked that the plan of the club disappears. *It was intended to do so.* Dilettantism gives place to practical observation. A single mental jotting of Sam's, as for instance the account of the 'twopenny rope,' is worth all the previous entries in his master's note-book. It will be observed also that his action on the plot exactly corresponds to the famous definition of Evolution as 'a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity.' It is Sam that gradually distinguishes the true friends of Mr. Pickwick from the indeterminate homogeneous mass of humanity which was molten together by the rays of his benevolence. It is he that detects Mr. Winkle both as sportsman and lover. He demonstrates in that luckless pretender the want of that experiential basis which was supplied in his own case by the ready use of his fists and his easy access to the confidence of maid-servants. It has been cited as an astounding feat of superabundant power that by the side of Sam should be put another character so similar and yet so distinguishable as the elder Mr. Weller. Neither Strap nor Corporal Trim was provided with a father. But in fact it was only by keeping in view the *inner meaning* that the feat was possible. Mr. Weller, senior, represents the older and rougher empiricism. His overturning of the Eatanswill coach typifies the retrograde nature of experiment without hypothesis. For undoubtedly he must have reduced his coach and his fares to an 'indefinite, incoherent homogeneity.' Any other explanation is unworthy of so humane a humorist as the author of 'David Copperfield' and 'Data of Psychology.' In the last age, when carriage accidents were of daily occurrence, they were much too tiresome to laugh at.

The ready alliance of rude empiricism with pietistic sensibility is typified by the marriage of old Mr. Weller to his 'widder.' Scheming fanaticism creeps in, and only by the help of the younger and brisker evolutionism can be got under the pump. Some, indeed, have seen in Stiggins a superannuated embodiment of alchemistic imposture, adducing in proof his conscience-scaring artifices and his 'particular wanity' in the form of muddy and saccharine distillations. They have gone so far as to imagine the whole group an allegoric representation of Dr. Priestley. But this is to overstep the just limits of interpretation. Can the Doctrine of Evolution be traced to the influence of Priestley? Unless it can, we would humbly ask these theorists how they would explain the relationship of Sam and the elder Weller? We will return rather to the central catastrophe. Nothing can be more certain than that the condemnation of the hero in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick represents the ill fate of the social philosopher who dallies in weak complacency with a plausible financial statement. Mrs. Bardell, the widow of a custom-house officer, the letter of lodgings to single gentlemen, is merely an impersonation of that rash and early speculation, 'immersed in matter,' as Bacon has it, which bases itself on the revenue returns of a former age and pays an exclusive attention to individual cases. The Spirit of Inquiry with antiquated gaiters and a kindly but frosty face cannot, however, break faith with this mode of speculation without heavy damages, which it will of course refuse to pay, and in consequence be imprisoned temporarily in the gloomy company of insolvent debtors, or rather insoluble problems. Here, however, it will be again visited by the faithful Doctrine of Evolution, its gloom lightened, and its horizon cleared. But we shall never make an end of these details. A correspondent of our own will arrive before many years from Manitoba, and we shall then have the assistance of a complete cipher. It may, however, be worth remarking that the footmen's 'swarry' is nothing but a contest between Evolutionism and the gorgeous but servile retinue of traditional metaphysics. The young gentleman in the blue livery of idealism, who boasts of the partiality shown him by his 'young lady,' the bright goddess of truth to whom he is a mere menial, ends naturally like all the rest in the intoxication of mysticism.

* See *The Nineteenth Century* for May, 1886.

Evolutionism is the only method of inquiry that can go to bed sober.

Before touching farther on the many close parallelisms between the treatises and the tales, we wish to answer two or three absurd objections, which will, we trust, never again endeavor to obstruct the rational and illuminating hypothesis which would trace the poetic creations of the world to their true source in abstract philosophy. It has been said that Bacon and Spencer show little or no humor in their treatises; and in their fictions few traces of a fondness for particular phrases and illustrations, which in their other writings they seem powerless to resist. But we would submit that these two great men have always been fully aware that a philosophic essay is not the fitting place for jests, and that a humorous or pathetic fiction is not the fitting place for indulgence in an irresistible fondness for particular phrases and illustrations. It has been said also that since the death of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Spencer has not thought fit to give us any more novels. Can it be necessary to repeat that by 1616 and 1870 respectively both Francis Bacon and Herbert Spencer had established their position as philosophers and publicists, and had no further occasion to pour out the wild and bitter humor of their hearts in such creations as Dogberry or Micawber?

Is not the tendency of all the earlier novels, from 'Nicholas Nickleby' to 'David Copperfield,' the exposure of official interference and tyranny, the passionate defence of individual rights? And is not this precisely the teaching of 'Social Statics' (1851)? Is there not again, beginning from 'Bleak House,' a distinct modification in aim, an endeavor to rouse officialism to a greater activity? And is not this the precise modification to be found in Mr. Spencer's social essays tbetween 1850and 1860? When 'Little Dorrit' (1857) gave us the satire on the Circumlocution Office, it gave us also the character of Merdle, the fraudulent speculator. And two years later, in 1859, Mr. Spencer published an article on 'The Morals of Trade,' which protests in almost the same language against that adulation of mere success, which had been pilloried in the Bar, Bishop, &c., of 'Little Dorrit.' It might be said, indeed, that the same events may produce on two different minds an almost identical impression. We consider such cavils too frivolous for serious notice. And what would the cavillers say to the close similarity of thought in the following passages?—

'Doubtless verv often, as Mr. Bain says, "it is the coerced form of seriousness and solemnity without the reality that gives us that stiff position from which a contact with triviality or vulgarity relieves us, to our uproarious delight." '

Our uproarous delight! Compare with this the following:—

'Here,' that is to say, at the reference to himself in Mr. Tupple's speech, 'Mr. Dobble, junior, who has been previously distending his mouth to a considerable width by thrusting a particularly fine orange into that feature, suspends operations, and assumes a proper appearance of intense melancholy.'

The former passage is from an article on the 'Physiology of Laughter' published by Mr. Spencer in this magazine for March, 1860. The latter is from 'New Year,' one of the 'Boz' sketches. Thus truly is the child the father of the man. That the actual observation was Professor Bain's is nothing. For several of the observations common to the essays and plays of Bacon were originally Montaigne's, or some other's. But, as Jack Bunsby remarks, 'the bearings of this observation lays in the application on it.'

We consider that we have established our case. If any one thinks otherwise let him ask himself if he considers that the important truths in psychology and sociology, which we have briefly indicated, were likely to have been discovered by the man who was told by a scene-shifter that it was a loss to the 'profession' when he took to writing books? The man of jovial good-fellowship and pedestrian powers! None of the products of Nature are, according to Aristotle, like the Delphian knife, that serves all purposes equally. And we may be sure that stage-management, pedestrianism, and good-fellowship are not likely to be accompanied by the gift of original creation. Why, these are the very qualities and accomplishments that have been more than suspected in that illiterate *impresario* Master William Shakspeare, of New Place, Stratford-on-Avon!

Current Criticism

THE CHANGES OF HALF A CENTURY.—With regard to the changes in the general conditions of society and the advance in human knowledge, think for one moment what fifty years have done. I have often imagined myself escorting some wise man of the past to our Saturday Club, where we often have distinguished strangers as our guests. Suppose there sat by me—I will not say Sir Isaac Newton, for he has been too long away from us, but that other great man, whom Professor Tyndall names as next to him in intellectual stature, as he passes along the line of master minds of his country from the days of Newton to our own—Dr. Thomas Young, who died in 1829. Would he or I be the listener, if we were side by side? However humble I might feel in such a presence, I should be so clad in the grandeur of the new discoveries, inventions, ideas, I had to impart to him, that I should seem to myself like the ambassador of an Emperor. I should tell him of the ocean steamers, the railroads that spread themselves like cobwebs over the civilized and half-civilized portions of the earth, the telegraph and the telephone, the photograph and the spectroscope. I should hand him a paper with the morning news from London to read by the electric light, I should startle him with a friction match, I should amaze him with the incredible truths about anæsthesia, I should astonish him with the later conclusions of geology, I should electrify him by the fully-developed doctrine of the correlation of forces, I should delight him with the cell-doctrine, I should confound him with the revolutionary apocalypse of Darwinism. All this change in the aspects, position, beliefs, of humanity since the time of Dr. Young's death, the date of my own graduation from college!—*Dr. Holmes, in The Atlantic.*

A PERIOD OF POETIC FECUNDITY.—These volumes [Patmore's Poems] form another reminder that the century is growing old, and that its familiar faces are withdrawing into a more or less classic repose. The bards whom we have thought of so long as 'the poets militant below' are retiring from active service. They have consulted the oracle of Trophonius, and they come back pale and silent one by one, acknowledging that the strife in the arena is over for them. We are happy in being able to write that most of these poets of the first third of the century, and most of the best of them, too, are with us still, even if their song grows less copious and spontaneous. It was a period of great poetic fecundity, the space of thirty years between 1807 and 1837. Its first decade gave us Lord Tennyson, E. B. B. and Mr. Browning; its second Emily Brontë, Clough, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Patmore; and its third Mr. G. Meredith, D. G. Rossetti, Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. W. Morris, and Mr. Swinburne—three groups or galaxies, which, alone and unattended by their lesser lights, would be enough to mark an age with poetic brilliancy. The variety of gift implied in this list is extraordinary, and has scarcely been surpassed in the richest periods of our literary history. Star differeth from star, but not more than Rossetti differed from Clough, or than Mr. Swinburne differs from Mr. Patmore. One can no more be neglected in favor of another than the beeches in a forest can take precedence of the oaks and the hornbeams.—*The Athenæum.*

HENRY LARKIN'S THEORY OF CARLYLE.—Little as some of his critics imagine it, his heart was sick of perpetually exhorting and admonishing. He longed to be *doing* something, instead of, as he says, eloquently writing and talking about it: to be a kind of king or leader in the practical activities of life; not a mere prophet, forever and forever prophesying. This was the stern burden laid upon him from the beginning. He felt that he had been commissioned to *do* something effectual for the world: and he could find no practical outlet for what he believed to be his God-given powers and energy. If any of my readers can realize in their hearts that this was the pent-up secret of Carlyle's life, I think that much that has hitherto seemed contradictory and inexplicable will begin to gather into a kind of pathetic coherence, and that they will see in Carlyle not the monster of contradictions he has been represented to be, but a heavily-laden human brother whom we can gratefully love and revere, even while we sorrow over his passionately confessed shortcomings.—'*Thomas Carlyle and the Open Secret of His Life.*'

THE LADIES IN COL. HIGGINSON'S HISTORY.—After this attempt at divining the origin of the author's taste and temper, the next thing is to try to make out his idea of historical composition, and the genesis of that idea. He seems to have a natural turn for costume, rather than for action; clothes beset the mind all through the volume; there are many unexpected, though not unpleasant, transitions from the affairs of the more historical sex to the ruling passion of the ladies. We are here, for the first time in studies of American history, compelled to know, nay, to feel, that Washington had a wife, and that Jefferson when he lived in the White House was a widower. Only one President

appears in the index without his wife; Jackson, it seems, was married, but Mrs. Jackson was something too irregular to be introduced to the reader. Heretofore, we have known one Peggy, a delightful one, in American history; now we become acquainted with a second Peggy, whose newspaper nick-name was Bellona, because Jackson and his more adroit worshippers countenanced her after she became Mrs. Secretary Eaton, whilst all the proprieties of the capital were arrayed against her. American ladies ought to implore Mr. Higginson to tell them, perhaps, a little more about Peggy O'Niell, the friend of 'Old Hickory,' and to insert in an earlier chapter some 'chivalrous' notice of Peggy Shippen, the belle of the *Mischianza*, the faithful wife of Benedict Arnold.—*The Saturday Review.*

A DISBELIEVER IN WITCHES.—Reginald Scot, an English squire, was the first to prove, in plain downright English, that the people who believed in witches were fools. He lived, luckily for him, in an age which had grown somewhat sick of persecution, and he artfully contrived to show that the chief offenders were the 'Popish priests,' who propagated the witches' lies. So he was let off lightly. His book was refused admission to the register of Stationers' Hall; but it did not escape ponderous refutations from pious writers, who accounted it sheer blasphemy to disbelieve in the reality of witchcraft. We know that among the men who studied and were influenced by it Shakspeare must be included. Yet even its broad views and wealth of facts might not have secured for Reginald Scot's work the immortality it has obtained had not James VI. of Scotland honored it with a scurrilous reply, and then did what he could to secure it a circulation by burning by the hands of the common hangman all the copies he could secure. 'One called Scot, an Englishman,' the King informs his subjects, 'is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as Witchcraft, and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits.' So wrote James VI. of Scotland; and perhaps no stronger contrast between those times and these could be adduced than the fact that the very work against which he thundered is now, in its new condition, dedicated 'by Royal permission' to the memory of the late Duke of Albany.—*The Standard, London.*

A MARVELLOUS IMITATION.—Adonis sings, dances, 'keeps store,' dresses as a country maid in short petticoats, and imitates Mr. Irving. As for this imitation, questions of taste apart, we must confess that it is astonishingly good. The American player becomes a veritable facsimile of the English actor. To the eye and the ear the effect is equally striking; it is, in fact, quite impossible to carry mimicry beyond the line here reached. —*The Saturday Review.* If Mr. Dixey stakes his reputation on 'Adonis' he will be remembered in London chiefly for his marvellous imitation of Mr. Irving. Gait, voice, face, bearing —the mannerisms of that famous tragedian have never been so faithfully reproduced. One rubs one's eyes and looks at one's programme to be quite sure that it really is not Mr. Irving who is singing a comic song, making love, and working the pump handle. It was a triumph of mimetic art, and it has seldom or never been surpassed.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

WHERE WAS COLUMBUS BORN?—While statesmen and patriots are busy making history, the citizens of the little town of Calvi have been industriously upsetting biography. Every one knows that Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa. The intelligent schoolboy has read it in the geography books. The hard-working tourist has noted it in his Baedeker. The statue to the great navigator has been set up just outside the railway station, regardless alike of expense and (the critics say) of nature. No one can come in or out of the city without being impressed by the fact that he has seen it. The citizens of Calvi have endured this for years. But the inhabitants of an island which produced a Bonaparte were not to be silenced by statuary or guide-books. Last week they revolted, and claimed their rights. Such festivities were held in honor of Columbus that all Corsica must regard his birthplace as settled. A marble tablet has been let into the front of the house where he was born, and Calvi claims henceforth an indefeasible honor. Unfortunately, some sixteen miles out of Genoa the frontage of a little mean tavern in the village of Cogoleto also exhibits a remarkable plaque. This is the inscription engraved upon it: 'Stop, traveller. Here Columbus first saw light. This too straitened house was the home of a man greater than the world. There had been but one world. "Let there be two," said Columbus, and two there were.' Till Calvi can rival this superb piece of grandiloquence Cogoleto is safe.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

AUGIER'S WELL-LEARNED LESSON.—It is a long time since Émile Augier wrote his last dramatic work, 'Les Fourchambault,' and it has been a matter of no less surprise than regret that the most gifted of living French dramatists should have laid down his pen while apparently still in full possession of his powers. He has just explained the reason to a critic who questioned him on the subject. Experience has taught him, he says, that no writer ever stops at the right time. Some do so too soon, others too late. For his own part he decided to stop too soon, and he formed this resolution almost at the outset of his career in consequence of an incident which he witnessed at one of the first interviews he ever had with a theatrical manager. While he was talking to him, a servant handed the manager a card. 'Not at home,' said the latter sharply; 'what a torment the old fellow is, to be sure!' and he tossed the bit of pasteboard contemptuously away from him. It fell almost under Augier's eyes, and he had no difficulty in reading the name, which proved to be that of Eugène Scribe. The time was not so very long gone when Scribe's name on the bill sufficed to fill any theatre fortunate enough to secure a work of his, and when managers were besieging him with more applications for pieces than he could possibly attend to. Such a conclusion to such a career impressed young Augier profoundly, and he vowed then and there that he would never expose himself to the risk of such a misadventure. —*The St. James's Gazette.*

COVENTRY PATMORE THE POET OF LOVE.—

An idle poet, here and there,
  Looks round him; but, for all the rest,
The world, unfathomably fair,
  Is duller than a witling's jest.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
  They lift their heavy lids, and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach,
  They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,
  And most forget; but, either way,
That and the Child's unheeded dream
  Is all the light of all their day.

The delicate truth of these lines must be patent to every reader, but we may go further and make them a text on which to hang our exposition of their author's entire works. From his earliest verses, written, so this new edition tells us, at sixteen, to the magnificent octosyllabics called 'The Three Witnesses,' here for the first time printed, the same strain is ever repeated. Nothing interests Mr. Patmore except that 'book' out of which impassioned lovers are apt, as he says, to read only what 'one sweet page can teach.' He has never 'shut the book;' it is the only one he cares to read. He is the deepest student our literature has ever had of that extraordinary condition of mind and body which is called 'falling in love.' Its smallest symptoms absorb him; its pathology has no hallucinations which are beneath his care; he notes down with scientific accuracy and scientific enthusiasm the minutest characteristics of this pathetic and ludicrous disease. From the known he passes to the unknown Eros, and from heaven back to earth.—*The Athenæum.*

Notes

WE regret that the illness of our London correspondent prevented our hearing from him last week or the week before.

—*The Saturday Review* says of Prof. Whitney's work on Sanskrit roots and verb-forms, recently published in Leipzig, that it 'supersedes all its predecessors, and starts a fresh epoch in Sanskrit studies.' Of Harrison and Baskervill's 'Handy Anglo-Saxon Dictionary,' founded on Grosschopp's Grein, it feels 'bound to confess, to the discredit of English scholarship,' that it is 'by far the best work of its kind in the language.' *The Athenæum* says of the translation of Balzac which Roberts Bros. are publishing, that it is 'very much above the average of English translation of French.'

—A small volume about Robert Burns is on the eve of publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. It controverts a number of statements which have hitherto passed unchallenged, not so much with regard to the poet's life as with regard to the social influences by which he was surrounded.

—Prof. George P. Fisher sailed—or was to have sailed—for Europe on Wednesday last.

—George Augustus Sala's autobiography will be published next autumn by the Bentleys. In a letter declining an invitation to run for Parliament, Mr. Sala recently wrote:—'Had your

invitation been addressed to me six months ago, I would willingly have sought the suffrages of your electorate. . . . But a dreadful domestic bereavement, with which I was stricken on December 31, 1885, has left me a heart-broken and desolate old man, utterly without ambition, and totally indifferent to the pros and cons of party strife. I have no heart to go into Parliament, and I should be no good to my constituents if I went there.'

—E. P. Roe's 'Knight of the Nineteenth Century' has been translated into Norwegian, and issued at Christiania under the title of 'En Helt i det Nittende Yurhundrede.'

—Lord Byron arrived in New York a few days ago, yet his coming was recorded only in the daily record of hotel arrivals. This was due, probably, to the fact that the present bearer of the title is not the author of 'Childe Harold,' but a gentleman who was not born till thirty-one years after the famous poet's death, which occurred just twice that number of years ago. Byron might easily be living now. He was born in 1788, and would therefore be nineteen years younger than the Tennesseean whose death was recorded in last Wednesday morning's papers.

—The entire large-paper edition (500 sets) of Longfellow's Works, to be published in the fall, has been ordered thus far in advance of publication. Prof. Hardy's new novel, 'The Wind of Destiny,' is already in its sixth thousand.

—Ticknor & Co. have just published: 'A Moonlight Boy,' by E. W. Howe, author of 'The Story of a Country Town;' 'Romance and Revery,' a volume of poems by Edgar Fawcett; 'An Epigrammatic Voyage,' by Denton J. Snider, author of 'A Walk in Hellas;' and, in Rolfe's Students' Series, Byron's 'Childe Harold' and a 'Young People's Tennyson,' together with new editions, in the same series, of 'Marmion,' 'The Princess,' 'The Lady of the Lake' and 'Select Poems of Tennyson.'

—Mr. Stockton's novelette, which will begin in the August *Century* and run through three numbers, is called 'The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.' In the July number there will be an anecdotal sketch of Mr. Stockton, by C. C. Buel.

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne is quoted as having said recently:—'I am sorry to say that three new books of mine will probably be published during the summer and autumn. The first is a short novel, "John Parmelee," recently contributed to the Boston *Evening Record;* the second is a volume of critical essays written since 1883, some of which have appeared in *The North American Review* and *Princeton Review;* the third is a volume of two short stories, written some years ago.'

—Mr. Beecher's sermons in England are to be reported monthly in *The Brooklyn Magazine*. Mrs. Beecher has promised to furnish the magazine with a series of 'Letters from England.'

—Crabbe's Poems have been added to Cassell's National Library.

—Forthcoming volumes in the Badminton Library are 'Field and Covert Shooting' and 'Moor and Marsh Shooting.' They are written by Lord Walsingham, Lord Lovat, Lord Charles Kerr, Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey and Mr. Archibald Stuart Wortley.

—Mr. Laurence Oliphant's novel, 'Masollam: a Problem of the Period,' is said to deal largely with a class of subjects in which he shows an increasing interest. The 'problem' of which Mr. Oliphant treats is 'psychometrical;' and in the view that he takes of phenomena which have engaged the attention of spiritualists, Esoteric Buddhists, and the members of the Psychical Research Society, he differs, so far as *The Athenæum* has been able to gather, from them all.

—In the eighth line from the end of Mr. H. N. Powers's poem 'The Tulip-Tree in Blossom,' in the volume called 'June,' the sense, though not the sound, has been sadly marred by the substitution of the word *lovers* for the word *children*.

—In his series of Camelot Classics, edited by Ernest Rhys, Mr. Walter Scott, the London publisher, has already issued the following standard works in monthly volumes at a shilling each: Sir Thomas Mallory's Romance of King Arthur and Quest of the Holy Grail, Thoreau's 'Walden,' De Quincey's 'Confessions,' Landor's 'Conversations' and Plutarch's 'Lives.'

—The statue of Daniel Webster presented to New Hampshire by Mr. Benjamin Pierce Cheney of Boston was dedicated on Thursday of last week with imposing civic and military ceremonies. It stands in the State-house Park, Concord, about 100 yards east of the Capitol. The pedestal is of Concord granite, and was designed by Thomas Ball, who also executed the model of the statue at Florence, Italy, the casting being made at Munich. The head represents Webster in his later years, and is said to be remarkably life-like. The pedestal is a single stone about nine feet square, weighing eleven tons. On the front and centre are the words, 'Daniel Webster.' The other sides contain bronze panels, that on the north bearing the coat-of-arms of New Hampshire and the inscription, 'Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782.' The south tablet contains the coat-of-arms of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the legend, 'Died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852.' On the west side is the following: 'Presented by Benjamin Pierce Cheney to the State of New Hampshire, January 18, 1886.' The height of the pedestal and statue is seventeen and one-eighth feet, and the entire cost was $12,000.

—Funk & Wagnalls have in press 'The Life of Schuyler Colfax,' by J. O. Hollister, a member of the Colfax family. The biography has been prepared with the approval and assistance of Mrs. Colfax.

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1158.—Can you inform me when or in what form I can procure 'Five P's, by William Axberry?'

HARRISBURG, PA.

No. 1159.—1. Can you tell me who wrote the following plays, operas, etc.: 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' 'Adonis,' 'The Mikado,' 'Evangeline,' 'The Private Secretary,' 'One of Our Girls,' 'Saints and Sinners,' 'The Guv'nor,' 'Leah the Forsaken?'—2. What book was published within the last three years, by one of our popular actresses, with the design of giving to stage-struck young girls an unvarnished and unexaggerated picture of stage life? I think it was published in one of the cheap 'libraries.'

MADISON, N. J. H.

[1. Gluck; William Gill; Gilbert and Sullivan; Cheever Goodwin; from the German of Von Moser; Bronson Howard; H. A. Jones; H. B. Farnie, from the German; Augustin Daly, from the German.—2. We suppose Blanche Roosevelt's 'Stage-Struck; or, She Would be an Opera-Singer' ($1.50: New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert) is referred to, though the book did not appear in one of the cheap 'libraries,' and its author is not a (popular actress.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1149.—The stanzas are not by Dr. Watts. They occur in Tom Moore's 'My Birthday.' The difference is as great as that between the mediæval mystic Hugo Victor and his modern eponym, Victor Hugo.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

No. 1149.—In an edition of Moore's Works before me, a footnote to the poem reads:—'FONTENELLE.—Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferai tout ce que j'ai fait.'

MIDDLETOWN. W. E. H.

No. 1149.—The poem is contained in the second edition (published in London, in 1831) of 'The Beauties of the British Poets,' edited by the Rev. George Croly. The verses quoted by J. H. D. from memory are almost verbatim.

BRYN MAWR, PENNA. M. F. A.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

Allen, W. B. Silver Rags. $1 .... Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.
Bryan, C. W. The Book of Berkshire. 50c...Holyoke, Mass.: C. W. Bryan & Co.
Crabbe, G. Poems. 10c .... Cassell & Co.
Death of Hewfik Pasha, The. A Confession. 60c .... Funk & Wagnalls.
Evans, W. F. Esoteric Christianity, etc. .... Boston: H. H. Carter & Karrick.
Fothergill, J. M. A Manual of Dietetics .... W. Wood & Co.
Glenwood Collegiate Institute, Catalogue of. 1885-86 .... Matawan, N. J.
Holmes, O. W. The Guardian Angel. 50c .... Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
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